

# Nazareth, Robber And The Roadie

When Willie met Ronnie he was runnin' up a track  
He was bent down, burned out, carryin' a sack  
Come on boy, you got to stop and help me some  
And keep this money hidden when the police come

Ronnie was shiverin' and makin' funny sounds  
He was lookin' like a fox  
That was runnin' from the hounds  
Sure little buddy, I can lighten up your load

You half it up, I'll hit it up, I'll take it down the road

Never had a better combination been planned  
'Cos Willie was a roadie with a rock 'n' roll band  
They were heads back, celebratin', drinkin' moonshine  
Heads down, here we go across another state line  
Tanked up and bullet proof  
They couldn't give a monkey's  
Damn if he didn't hide the money in a drum case  
Pack 'em up, hit 'em up, do another show  
The robber and the roadie got a long way to go

Willie and Ronnie

Anytime they wanted they would pull another job  
Anywhere they found a place  
And it was fat enough to rob  
If Ronnie saw the police he would make a little sign  
Then Willie stuck the money in the band's back line  
In the main racks, bass stacks  
Anywhere he thought it could  
Be hidden out of sight  
Until they finished out in Hollywood  
Split it down the middle  
When they took it out the sound  
The robber and the roadie got enough to go around

Willie and Ronnie  
The robber and the roadie

Forty seven days and they had only one to go  
When the telegram arived  
To say the band wouldn't show  
The crowd was getting' nasty and it turned into a rage  
The bottles and the bodies started coverin' the stage  
Then the cops came running in  
And breaking up the riotin'  
When they saw the money falling  
Out the back of everything  
Hey little buddy think it's time to run and duck  
The robber and the roadie could be runnin' out of luck

Willie and Ronnie had to skip it out of town  
They were sittin' by the highway like Jackson Browne  
They were stickin' out their thumbs  
In the middle of the night  
When they saw the car comin' with the spinnin' red light  
Wide eyed, tongue tied feelin' pretty stranded  
No use in runnin' they were caught red handed  
Pull 'em in, lock 'em up, put 'em in a row  
The robber and the roadie got nowhere to go

Willie and Ronnie  
The robber and the roadie

We got state police and the FBI  
Willie and Ronnie  
You get a big reward  
If you can make these boy's mamas cry  
The robber and the roadie  
We got the national guard and the bear in the sky

Willie and Ronnie  
You get a big reward if you can make these mothers cry  
The robber and the roadie